

AN EPITAPH.

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
Near no accustomed hand.
And they had nailed the boards above her face,
The peasants of that land.
And, wondering, planted by her solitude
A cypress and a yew.
I came and wrote upon a cross of wood—
Man had no more to do—
"She was more beautiful than thy first love,
This lady by the trees."
And gazed upon the mournful stars above
And heard the mournful breeze.

—W. B. Yeats.

A Pope with the "Evil Eye."

In the early years of his papacy, when he was adored by the Roman people, Pius IX was driving through the streets of Rome and chanced to look up to an open window, where a nurse was standing with a child. A few minutes afterward the nurse let the child drop to the pavement below and it was killed. Instead of laying the blame to the carelessness of the nurse, it was laid to the malevolent influence of the evil eye, and the fancy became universal among the lower classes in Italy that the pope had the evil eye, and it lasted until his death. Travelers who knew of the belief were often amused to see people kneeling to receive the pope's blessing, and at the same time holding the fingers forked to break the malevolent power of his glance. When Pius IX gave up his liberal theories and fell back to the old accustomed methods of government there was an abundance of liberals who took it as proof positive that he was possessed of an evil spirit.—Chicago Times.

A Lawyer's Little.

The humor of the legal mind is sometimes a trifle subtle. There is just now to be seen in the window of a famous secondhand book shop in the Strand a complete set of "Voltaire" in fifty volumes. The set is bound in what is technically known as "law calf." It has evidently belonged to a lawyer who hesitated to let his clients perceive that he was given to reading anything so mischievously frivolous as the philosopher of Ferney, or who could not resist his own little joke. Instead, therefore, of lettering the volume "Voltaire," which everybody would have understood, he had them inscribed "Arouet's Reports." The joke would of course be lost upon those who happened to have forgotten that the great philosopher's proper name was Arouet de Voltaire.—London Cor/ Yorkshire (England) Post.

Odd Names of Streets.

To reach Boa Vista palace take a carriage at your hotel door and drive down the Rue Cattete, skirt the bay along the Praya da Gloria, rattle through the Rua das Mangueiras (street of leather pipes), dash under the aqueduct arches of Mate Cavallos (horse killing avenue), turn into the Rue das Invalidas (street of sick people), and then follow the Mata Poreas (pig killing street), until at last you come to the direct road that leads out to Sao Christovao. The well paved avenue has lamp posts set on either side and is lined with handsome suburban homes set in gardens of perpetual bloom, shaded by feathery palm trees.—Rio Janeiro Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Testing Love.

Southern children have a very pretty way of "telling fortunes" with the elder vine or love vine, as they call it. A piece is broken off and twisted around the head three times, then dropped on a bank behind them. If the sweetheart is true it grows. If it dies, he or she is false.

The mulier stalk is also used to learn the constancy or the fickleness of the lover. The stalk is broken, but not detached, and if it continues to grow the absent one is constant, or vice versa.—New York World.

The Rattlesnake's Young.

Does the rattlesnake bring forth its young alive? I have seen young snakes run in the old snake's mouth, making a singing like noise, and upon killing the old snake and cutting it open have found the young packed away side by side, not in the stomach proper, but in what seemed a place for them.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Taking Off Old Wall Paper.

To take off wall paper previous to painting or papering, wet the old paper thoroughly with a long handled brush dipped in warm water. Let it rest until the water has penetrated it and the paper blisters and loosens, when you can peal it off with your hands. Do not wet too much at a time.—New York Journal.

How English Statesmen Get Recreation.

Of present English celebrities Mr. Chamberlain is an amateur horticulturist; Sir John Lubbock passes the flying moments in studying his ants and bees; Mr. Black enjoys yachting among the Hebrides, and many of the nobility have a pronounced fancy for horse racing.—Hygiene.

Deaths from Consumption.

Major Veale, health officer of Philadelphia, states that there are from 2,800 to 3,000 deaths from consumption in Philadelphia every year, and is clearly of opinion that preventable action is necessary.

A mustard foot bath is often helpful in the first stages of a cold. A good handful each of mustard and coarse salt should be stirred into the water, and all chills must be avoided afterward.

A London thief tried to escape in a big box. After trying to balance himself on his head a few times, however, he found the weight of his feet insupportable and yelled for assistance.

Montana is larger than Turkey; Texas is larger than the whole Austrian empire by 30,000 square miles and New Mexico is larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together.

The city of Kaskaskia, Ills., claims possession of the first bell rung for divine service west of the Allegheny mountains. It was cast at La Rochelle in 1741.

A Too Enterprising Collector.

There used to be a book collector in this city who was the terror of all who knew him. He was well to do and a very learned man. He was a great buyer of books and owned a fine library, but nobody else's library was safe if it contained a book he coveted. For a long time his victims did not suspect him. He would, spend an hour or two among their books and go away. Finally one bibliomaniac, who had suffered most severely, had his suspicions aroused. Even then he dared not utter them, so he went to his lawyer about it.

The lawyer had him make out a list of the volumes lost. They were all of extreme rarity and great value. Armed with this list the lawyer called on the suspected man and introduced himself as a collector from the west. He had heard of the gentleman as a bibliophile of authority and wished to consult him about some books which had been offered him before he concluded upon their purchase or rejection.

"What were the books?" his host asked.

He ran off the titles of several of the stolen volumes.

"Nonsense!" said his host. "Nobody can sell you them. I own the only copies in the country."

Next day the lawyer wrote a letter which resulted in the restoration of the spoil to its rightful owner. How many rare books belonging to other collectors remain in the collection—for it has never been sold for obvious reasons—no one can say.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Blue Law Sabbath.

"I was born in Massachusetts," said he, "and reared in a strict Puritan family. The Sabbath commenced on Saturday night, when we children were required to study the Scriptural lesson for the next day. After an early breakfast next morning we went at our lesson again until church time. The morning service was from 10 to 12 o'clock, composed chiefly of a long winded sermon, during which we were required to keep awake, pay strict attention and behave ourselves. This was followed by Sunday school, where we recited our lessons correctly or suffered severe consequences.

"After a cold lunch at home, for nothing was cooked on Sunday, we attended church again from 2 until 4 p. m. The interval between this time and 7 o'clock prayer meeting was occupied with religious reading or reflection, no frivolous games or diversions being permitted on this solemn day. As a special dispensation we were given hot tea for supper. Prayer meeting was out at 9 o'clock, and from that hour until bed time we sat quietly at home reading such thrilling and interesting works, especially to children, as Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' I used to sympathize with those martyrs, and compare their miserable state with mine."—Washington Post.

How Men Carry Their Hands.

"A sure indication of character is found in the way in which a man carries his hands," said C. G. Clarke, of Boston. "You notice men on the streets. See the young man with swinging arms and palms which are displayed to all who take the trouble to look. He is one of that class whose heart is as open as his hands. He is frank, unsuspecting, a free spender and a believer in the honesty of his fellows. Notice the business man more advanced in years. His hands are always closed so tightly that he gives you the impression he is ever expecting an attack. This is the attitude of men bent upon a certain object. It is an attitude which displays the qualities of determination and fight.

"In debate you will observe some of our lawmakers emphasize a statement by hammering the desk before them with their knuckles, while others, apparently equally impassioned, are satisfied with the use of the palm. You may rest assured that if sheer determination will succeed, the man who applies his knuckles will win before his colleague who uses his palm."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Notions About Sleep.

One of the rudest acts in the eyes of a native of the Philippine islands is to step over a person asleep on the floor.

Sleeping is with them a very solemn matter. They are strongly averse to waking any one, the idea being that during sleep the soul is absent from the body, and may not have time to return if slumber is suddenly broken.

If you call upon a native and are told "He is asleep," you may as well depart.

To get a servant to rouse you, you must give him the strictest of orders. Then at the time appointed he will stand by your side and call, "Senor! senor!" repeatedly, each time more loudly than before, until you are half awake; then he will return to the low note, and again raise his voice gradually until you are fully conscious.—Exchange.

Respecting the Dead.

Mrs. Granpere—Why, Bridget, I heard of the death of poor Tim, your husband, and that you were married again; and now, poor girl, is it possible your second husband too?

Brigid (in deep mourning)—Oh, no, m'm. He's all right. But I always promised myself, whenever I could afford it, I wud put on mornin' for poor dear Tim, and it's very well off I am m'm, since I'm married this time, m'm.—Harper's Bazaar.

Economy in Rapid Freight Trains.

A German engineer concludes that if the speed instead of the load of freight trains be increased from fourteen to twenty-eight miles per hour the expenses per car mile at the higher speed would be one-fourth less for repairs and only one-fifth more for fuel.—New York Times.

A Knowing Brute.

"Cabby, drive me to Vefour's in time for the horseflesh banquet."

"Not so loud, guy'nor. If Brown Bear heard you she wouldn't budge an inch."

—Figaro.



Last Stages of BRIGHT'S DISEASE

All Hope Given Up.

HER LIFE SAVED.

MRS. N. E. WHITNEY, of Hillsboro Bridge, New Hampshire, Desires to do All She Can to Relieve Those who Suffer.

"I feel it my duty to make known what Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy,' made at Rondout, N. Y., has done for me. I had been gradually failing for a number of years and was in the last stages of Bright's Disease. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured. As a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. When it was gone I could not say that I felt as if he had done me any good, but I resolved to try another, and when that was used I saw my symptoms were a little better, so I decided to give it a fair trial. I am now able to work all day. Have taken care of the milk of ten cows this summer. No tongue can tell what I suffered for more than three years. My age is fifty-six and I now weigh thirty-five pounds more than I ever did. My friends laugh when they see me, but I tell them that 'Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy did it.'

If any one wishes to write to me in regard to my condition while I suffered so, I will gladly answer all letters. I desire to do all I can to relieve those who suffer. I have lived in a number of different towns, and many people have known of my feeble condition.

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